

# OUT OF THE SEA.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

## CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"Let me do it, and save you the trouble."

"No, no, no! I cannot. I must still live on, and keep the dreadful secret. O, would that I had died before I yielded to that horrible temptation!"

"You made your own bed," he said, coolly. "It doesn't become you to complain if it doesn't lie easy."

"No, I have no one to blame. I risked everything upon a single die, and lost all!"

"And that was rather a lucky day for me that curiosity to see the bride led me to climb the locust tree just under this window, and I saw—"

"Hush!" she cried, fearfully. "The walls have ears sometimes."

The backs of the couple were turned to Helen; she slipped noiselessly from her concealment, and locked the room door, and put the key in her pocket. Then she glided to the window, and placed her back against it, thus confronting the man and woman.

"You just remarked that walls have ears," she said, quietly. "I agree with you. These have a pair of them."

"Who are you?" cried the man, springing to his feet, and looking at her. "The devil!"

"No, thank you. My name is Helen Fulton. No relation to your friend."

He strode toward the window. "Let me pass here right quickly, or take the consequences!" he said, with brutal determination.

She drew herself up proudly, and her voice was cuttingly firm as his own.

"You do not pass here until you come to my terms."

"Well, I like your plan! If I was in want of a wife, I'd honor you with my proposals. What are your terms?"

"You must tell me all you know about the murder of Marina Trenholme!"

"Which I will not do!"

"Very well. Then you can stay here until morning, and I will summon some of the family to make you come to terms. I would speak to them to-night, but I never like to disturb people after they are asleep. It is up to make them ill-tempered."

"Confound you! Will you stand aside?"

"Not if I know it!"

With an oath he sprung upon her. Quick as thought she lifted her right hand, in which she held the loaded pistol.

"An inch nearer," she said, coolly. "and I will blow your brains out! I am sorry to be impolite to a gentleman, but you force me to it!"

The ruffian recoiled. He saw the steady determination in her eye, and knew that he might expect no mercy.

Imogene had sunk to the floor on the first appearance of Helen, and crouched there, staring at vacancy, her rich dress sweeping over the Vandyke stain on the carpet. She seemed incapable of speech or motion.

"One or the other of you murdered Marina Trenholme," said Helen, speaking in a low, clear voice, "and I will know which. The innocent shall not suffer for the guilty, if it is in my power to prevent it. I want to save Lynde Graham. I am disposed to be gracious with you both. I want your written confession—both of you—in regard to this thing. That is all I ask. It is now the fifteenth of June—ten days to the execution. I will give you eight days in which to confess. Give me what I ask for, and I promise you faithfully I will not show the paper to any living being until just in time to save him from the gallows."

"I'll be caught in no such trap," hissed the man. "Get out of my way, you little sea devil. I'll show you how to use a pistol!" And he seized the weapon by the muzzle, with the intention of wrenching it from her grasp. But he had not reckoned on the strength in that right arm, and in the struggle it was discharged, and the ball passed into his breast just above the heart.

"I'm done for!" he cried with an oath, and fell to the floor.

Imogene sprang up, and darted toward the window, but Helen was on the alert, and divined her intention instantly. She caught her firmly by the arm, and held her fast.

The noise of the pistol had alarmed the whole household, and they came rushing to the spot.

"Open the door!" thundered Ralph Trenholme, from without.

"You must burst it in," said Helen.

He put his shoulder against it, and broke the lock instantly. The whole party rushed into the room. St. Cyril's back fell first on the wounded man.

"John Randolph!" he exclaimed. "The abductor of my sister!"

Imogene turned toward the intruders, her face absolutely livid, her eyes wild as those of a maniac. Ralph put a strong arm around her shoulders and held her quiet. There was something infinitely terrible in the face of this man. Helen lifted up the face of Randolph.

"Speak quickly," she said. "You will gain nothing now by concealment."

"Am I dying?" he asked, anxiously. "I think so, Speak on. But first let me ask, Mr. Trenholme, is there a magistrate present?"

"I am one," said Ralph's friend, Mr. Bruncell, who was stopping there for the night.

"Very well then. Give this gentleman the oath. I can testify that he has no conscientious scruples to prevent him from swearing."

It was done, and Randolph proceeded to speak:

"It is hardly fair to force things out of a fellow in this way, but I suppose there's no help for it. There's too many against me! This girl is the very devil herself!"

"I have once before informed you, sir, that I am Miss Fulton, and in no way a relative of the person you mention."

"O, have it your own way! but I'm sure I don't understand how you came to guess at what has puzzled so many older heads. I've been a hard case. I don't deny it. It was all owing to the way I had to struggle up. Everybody was willing to give me a kick because I happened to be the child of poverty and of disgrace. I stole the child of Mrs. St. Cyril, partly from motives of revenge, and partly because I hoped to get money from his father by it. I'm not going to give a history of my doings, so don't get impatient. It seems a little necessary that I should speak of that child, seeing as it was she that was murdered. The ship that we came to this country in was wrecked, and people hereabouts thought that the little girl was the sole survivor. I know better, because I myself escaped. It did not suit my purpose, however, to let the fact be known. I had my own plans, which I shall not now divulge. The time for me to work in past, and I will not tell you what I meant to do if my life had been lengthened. I found that the child had a good home, and for the present, then, I was satisfied. After awhile I returned to Europe, and saw Mrs. St. Cyril. But she had no money with which to purchase my secret. I then sought the father of the child, but he refused to listen to me a moment. He had no children, he said, bitterly. I came back to America. Part of the time I was in New York, but I never lost sight of Marina—for so they called the girl I had stolen from her parents. At last I heard she was going to be married. I thought I should like to see how she looked in her bridal clothes. It was a little weakness of mine which you must pardon, seeing that I once loved her mother."

"I came here, and knowing no other way, I climbed the locust tree just outside this window, and from its thick-leaved shelter, I commanded a complete view of this apartment. Just after the bridemaids left the bride, the door of her chamber opened, and Imogene Iretton entered. I knew this woman by sight. She came up noiselessly behind Marina, and as she turned, I saw something glitter in her hand. She stood still a moment as if to gather strength, and then she struck down quickly and silently? I heard a low cry, and then all was quiet!"

Ralph's grasp had tightened around his wife, until her face had grown purple from the iron pressure. He was crushing her to death, but he would not have known it, if she had breathed her last sigh. St. Cyril touched his arm.

"Mr. Trenholme, look at your wife. You are suffocating her!"

He looked down upon her distorted features, removed his arm, and took her hand in his.

"Imogene Iretton came directly to the window," proceeded Randolph, "and looked down. She had the dripping knife still in her hand. She cast about her a half fearful glance, but discovering no one, she stepped out upon the grape vine that half covered that side of the house. And just as she did so Lynde Graham came along on his way to the main entrance. He was dressed for the wedding and had his gloves in his hand. He looked up at her, and an amazed expression crossed his face."

"Miss Iretton, how came you there? he asked, hastening toward her.

"Help me down, quick!" she said, imperiously.

"He lifted her down in his arms. I know then that he loved her by the way he performed the act. I could have sworn it."

"What freak is this?" he asked. "Why do you choose that means of egress from the chamber of the bride?"

"She looked at him—and such a look. He fairly recoiled before it. She lifted up her hand, there was upon it a single dash of crimson."

"Lynde Graham," she said, distinctly, "there will be no bride, and if you love me prove that love by keeping my secret!"

"She set away, and he looked after her like one in a maze. It was five minutes before he seemed to recover his faculties. And then his face was pitiful to behold. Such agony I have never seen expressed by any human countenance! Hardened as I was, I pitied him."

"Well, you know pretty well all the rest. Suspicion fell upon Lynde Graham; he was arrested and convicted, and because he loved this woman, he would be willing to die in her stead. He refused to speak the words that

would establish his innocence, because by so doing he would condemn her to the gallows.

"You may well believe that I was prepared to take advantage of what I knew. I guessed at first that she had murdered Marina because she wanted to be mistress of Trenholme House, and it was not long before I thought her out, and revealed to her my terrible secret. For a moment I thought she would have killed me. I think she would, if she had had the means at hand. After her passion had a little subsided, I made terms with her. Money was what I wanted, and she gladly consented to pay me for keeping dumb. This began before she married Mr. Trenholme. Afterward it continued just the same. You all wondered at her frequent journeys from home; she only went to pay me my allowance at times when I was unable, through illness, to come for it. You, Mr. Trenholme, thought me your wife's paramour! bahl! she would sooner have killed herself than submitted to the caresses of one like me. If she was a murderer, she was true to you. I remember once I made her kiss me, and she touched me with just the loathing that she would have touched a toad! But what did I care? I wanted money, not love. It was a dangerous secret to keep, but I have been well paid for it. Thank the powers above and below! I am out of the reach of the law! I defy you all!"

He lifted his hand in wild defiance, and fell back a corpse!

Helen rose from her kneeling posture and faced Imogene, her face pale as that of the dead man before her.

"You have heard the confession of that dead villain," she said, slowly. "Now, we will listen to yours."

Imogene shrank from the steady gaze of those clear eyes, shrank back pitifully, crying out:

"O spare me! spare me! Do with me as you will, but do not force me to a confession!"

Ralph drew her sternly forward, and took in his own hands with which she strove to conceal her face.

"You shall not be spared!" he said, hoarsely. "You did not spare her! But we will not condemn you without a hearing. Clear yourself, if you can."

"I cannot! O, you know I cannot! I did murder her! But it was because I loved you! I could not live to see you the husband of another! With her dangerous face under the sea, I thought my beauty might win you! God will bear me witness that it was pure love alone that influenced me. I never once thought of the power that would be mine as your wife. Wealth and station were nothing to me! It was your love I wanted! O Ralph, only that!"

"O God!" cried Ralph, striking his forehead, "to think that I took to my bosom as my wife the murderer of my poor Marina! It is too much! It maddens me! And but for you, Miss Fulton, I might have lived on to the end in ignorance, and Lynde Graham would have died an innocent man!"

"I did not seek this," Helen said, in a subdued voice. "Heaven knows I did not! But I was obliged to come here, I could not keep away. It was what some call fate, I suppose. After I came here some things were forced upon my knowledge that I did not care to know. But having once become convinced that Lynde Graham was wrongfully accused, I set to work with my whole soul to bring the real culprit to light."

"I think Mr. Trenholme has a habit of talking in her sleep. The ghost of this chamber is none other than herself. I have watched her for the phantom, and satisfied myself. The last time I tore a piece of silk from her sleeve, and if you will take the trouble to make the examination, you will find that this fragment," drawing it from her pocket, "will fit exactly a rent in the sleeve of the black silk the lady is in the habit of wearing."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A SLEEPING POWER.

Is It Telegraphy, Instinct or What?—Ought to Be Cultivated.

Within us is a power sleeping. Once in awhile some sensitive soul has felt it stir, but there was no known law that governed it, no logic with which to convince others of its being; so it was buried deep in the inner consciousness, where hidden ideas that dare not seek light because they are in advance of their age, says the New Science Review.

Long ago, at the house of a friend, I saw a photograph of a man's head. As I picked it up there came over me a sense of having known the original; it was the face of a "friend." When my hostess entered I asked about the photograph and she told me who it was. The name meant nothing to me but the face meant all things that I knew.

Several times in the next week I looked at the photograph, always with the same sense of "having known." Then eight years elapsed, during which no memory of that face came over me. One day at the theater there flashed over me that same curious sense of "having known." Instinctively I turned and caught full the glance of the original of the photograph. What he was doing there I have never found out. Several miles away from me lived a friend. Days would elapse without our meeting but if I sat down and wrote her a note she would come, always crossing the note. I became so certain about it after awhile that I would write the note and tear it up. The thought would stir in her the desire to see me. There was no use in mailing it. The sight of a certain handwriting would always make my heart sink; it was something that I could not reason myself out of, yet the letters were pleasing and the words fair. One dark day I found out that my instinct was right—I trust it now.

A Family Affliction.

Wesley Ayres, of Green Bay, Wis., during the last four years, has lost three sons by drowning. The third son, a lad of eight years, was drowned about a fortnight ago, while fishing.

## THE JOKER'S CORNER.

SOME WIT AND HUMOR FOR OUR THIN READERS.

The Chrysanthemum Is in High Fave—A Lover's Logic—Vanity Taken Down—A Photographic Feast—Some Headache Cures.

I've studied all the botanies, I've learned their dry monotonies, I've reveled in their scientific rot; My infant love for flora Was remarked by all who bore a kindly interest in my HIKings and my lot.

But in spite of all my training (There's no virtue in my feigning), I'm afraid my reputation's doomed to fail; For my tastes are most alarming, I find common flowerlets charming, And I do not like the cultured ones at all.

The tropical anemone Is pungent and it's lemony; I cannot bear michelia near my nose; Calcestrus is too twiney. The utrica is too piney; Crucifera is the ugliest flower that grows.

The salix babylonica Will do for ware Japonica, The red vebasum palls upon the eye; Linaria and Hilmum, Trifolia and trillium, They're namby-pamby, delicate and shy.

The asclepius cornuti Is pronounced the biggest beauty, Though I really think its blossoms rather bum; For the flower to which I'm wedded Is the frowzy, yellow-headed, Crinkly-whiskered, bully, big, chrysanthemum.

—Post Wheeler in Judge.

A Lover's Logic.

She—If you had never met me, would you have loved some other girl as much as you do me? He—My darling, if I had never met you, I believe I should have committed suicide.

A Photographic Feast.

A.—Photography is making wonderful strides. The other day a man took a photograph of a bullet shot from a gun.

B.—While I was in the air? A.—Why, certainly.

B.—I'd like to see that photographer. I believe he could photograph the sudden disappearance of my week's salary when my wife buys a new spring bonnet. I'd like to see him try it, anyhow.

All the Fun Gone.

Wool—Brace gets a big sum from his uncle's estate, but he is kicking because the will can't be found.

Van Pelt—What has he got to kick about?

Wool—There isn't going to be any show to break his will.

A Pedestrian's View.

Jazrey—Do you believe in three-cent fares on the street cars?

Broogs—No; I favor five-cent fares.

Jazrey—Why?

Broogs—Well, you see, there's some satisfaction in walk when you're saving a nickel by it.

A Literary Mist.

De Ruyter—I don't—Have Spenser is making all the money—says he is.

O'Collum—What makes you think that?

De Ruyter—He's wearing a new suit and a top hat.

Had His Answer Ready.

Fond Parent—It is all nonsense, Bobby, saying you cannot go to sleep without a light. What would you have done if you had been born before gas or candles or lamps were invented?

Bobby (promptly)—Gone to bed in the day-time.

The Husband's Capture.

Here's Amy Bloom's capture. That rich Mr. Goodensse. How very strange! She can't even ride a wheel. I can't understand it," said Clara Up-to-Date.

"I can," mildly remarked Mr. Up-to-Date, from the depth of his armchair.

Then She's No New Woman.

The new woman seems to have played her last card. I wonder what next.

"Oh, she'll ask what's rumple, I fancy."

## Headache Cure.

"How's your headache to-day?" asked a physician of one of his patients.

"Bad as ever—worse, if anything," was the unsatisfactory and inglorious reply.

"Did you bathe your head in brandy and water, as I directed?" inquired the physician.

"No; I tried to, but couldn't do it."

"Tried to? Why couldn't you do it?" said the doctor, with considerable surprise.

"I couldn't get the brandy and water up higher than my mouth to save my life. Now, you see, if my mouth was on top of my head, or if you could hang a bottle of brandy from the ceiling and contrive to tip it over me, it might work; but running on the old route from the bottle to the top of the head, it is impossible for it to pass my mouth without stopping. Can't you invent something of that kind, doctor?"

Containing a Useful Hint.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr. McSwat, who was waiting for his wife to put the finishing touches to her toilet before starting for the office. "What's that perfume you are putting on your handkerchief, Lobelia?"

"It's musk," she replied.

Whereupon Mr. McSwat took a revolver out of his pocket and laid it back on the bureau.

"No footpad will come within a mile of us this evening, Lobelia," he said.

A Fellow-Feeling.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

No doubt 'tis true, and yet within my mind Occurs the thought that there's a time, again!

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous mad.

For could you well suppress an angry look

To find Behind

A fellow feeling for your pocketbook?

Comfortable Thermometer Wanted.

Old Lady (to dealer)—Is them thermometers reliable?

Dealer—Yes, madam; they are manufactured expressly for our own trade.

"I guess yer kin gimme one of 'em."

"Yes, madam; which will you have? They are all the same price."

"I see some of 'em are 70 degrees and some 80 degrees. Gimme an 80 degree one. I don't care much for weather when it's cold."

Cheap at the Price.

"I paid a dollar and a half for this seat," said the angry plebeian in the front row, "and I didn't come here merely to listen to your chatter."

"My dear fellow," suavely responded Cholle from the box, "behave as persons who have gone to the expense of thousands and still were unable to get within hearing distance of any of our set. You have a bargain."

A Church Choir Leader.

"I understand our church choir has got another new leader," said one Lead-villian to another.

"Is he a good runner?"

"I believe he is."

"Does he know the shortest way out of town?"

"So I am told."

"Well, he's just the man to lead them."

Consentious.

"Wait one moment," said the eminent statesman to the reporter who had come for the manuscript of his speech. "I want to make a little correction."

And he made a hasty erasure where he had written the bracketed word "applause" and the applause had failed to come in.

He Escaped.

"He stood at the top of the steps," she said, in telling about it afterward, "and I mustered up enough courage to say: 'You know, this is leap year.'"

"Yes. What then?"

"Then he leaped, and I haven't seen him since."

Easily Arranged.

Mrs. Hiram—I don't quite like engaging a girl without references.

Bridget Nohelp—That's all right, mum. You can pay me a month in advance.

Vanity Taken Down.

There once was a person from Spain, Who was haughty, disdainful, and vain; He felt people feared him, Till a coarser girl jeered him, Observing, "Hi! I'll have yer cane!"

At the Afro-American Club.

"Dey nebbah had no right to hab dat roostah on de fishul ballet, nohow."

"Why didn't dey?"

"It was a mean trick to coah de colud vote."

He Had No Show.

Youngley—The new playwright has no show nowadays.

Manager—That is just the trouble. If he had a really good show he could sell it immediately.

He Was Successful.

"Did Newgroome get the appointment as mail carrier?"

"Een twice."

## A Smash Salary.

The chief professor of the Paris Conservatoire of Music, M. Massenet, gets but \$600 a year salary. The advantages of the institution are gratuitous to the pupils.

The Boys Kick.

The authorities of the Kansas University have forbidden the girls to take part in the athletic exercises dressed in bloomers, and the young men are indignant.

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.

If You Are.

If you are bored, let it be known: a woman recently died in Atchison because of her desire to be amiable under all circumstances; bored to death.—Atchison Globe.

Miss Brown of Dalton.

By the simple Wine of Cardui Treatment of Female Diseases, thousands of afflicted women are restored to health every year. It corrects the menstrual irregularities from which nearly all women suffer, and is being universally used for that purpose now. Ask your druggist for McIlree's Wine of Cardui. Speaking of this class of women diseases, Miss Laura P. Brown, of Dalton, Ga., says: "I have been suffering from excessive meneses for two years, constantly getting worse, and I feel that McIlree's Wine of Cardui has saved my life. I looked forward to each month and thought I could not endure such misery another time. I can't express my gratitude for the wonderful relief."

The greater the secret, the more liable your confidant is to tell it.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

A row among kindfolk is mild compared to a love row.

FITZ—All this stopped freely by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney Cure. No matter how first and a use. Nervousness, Trembling and other ailments. Cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A heavy purse in a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

How a little girl likes to say to a boy, "you're going to catch it!"

## A MASTER OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A TIMES REPORTER INTERVIEWS THE WONDERFUL VENO.

NO SUPERNATURAL POWER.

Only the Fruitage of Hard Study and Extraordinary Intellect—An Honorable Man.

Extract from Waag Times, Dec. 2, 1885.

To see Dr. Veno at the Pacific hotel last night and meet a most pleasant gentleman, and who at once inspires you with every degree of confidence and plainly shows he is a master of medical science and deserves the high honor of being held in the medical world to-day.

Since Dr. Veno has been in Veno he has plainly demonstrated the remarkable power of his remedies and performed cures by the use of his Veno Cure, which has been impossible to the outside world. The cure of Mrs. L. B. Clay of 7